

**The Official  
Newspaper  
of the A. E. F.**

# The Stars and Stripes

**By and For  
the Soldiers  
of the A. E. F.**

Here's a page of stuff right from the trenches, assembled by The Review from a recent issue of the above named paper, published "somewhere in France."

## FIRST BALL GLOVE IS MADE IN FRANCE

**Bat Shortage Can Be Remedied by Enterprising Manufacturer**

## U-BOAT SINKS EQUIPMENT

**Goods Worth \$30,000 Lost When Liner Oronsa Was Torpedoed**

Score another run for France. A French manufacturer has made a baseball glove—a fielder's glove, to be exact—working from specifications and blueprints furnished him by the Y. M. C. A. For you might as well know the truth first as last. The shortage of athletic equipment is serious. And if any of you are still laboring under the delusion that the German is a nice, kind, sweet animal, not particularly harmful unless poked with a stick and to be goaded into a bad temper only by having sneeze powder blown into his face, then let it be known that when the liner Oronsa was torpedoed some weeks ago \$30,000 worth of baseball paraphernalia, intended for your use, was lost.

Out of the necessity thus provided arose the invention of the fielder's glove *à la française*. A leather goods manufacturer was found who was willing to try anything once, and the result was a product that would have been a credit to an American sporting goods house that had been in the business fifty years. There is only one thing tactically wrong about the new glove—the thumb and forefinger are held together, not by the customary piece of leather, but by a mere cord. While the cord is strong, it is a question whether it will stand up under the hot liner that sooner or later is going to come up against it.

## French Woodworkers This Way

The greatest shortage in equipment is the lack of bats. Everything from spokes to tree limbs is now being used, and where units are lucky enough to have a real bat it is screwed together and tied together and clamped together every time it threatens to crack under the strain. If you want to know what unpopularity is, get up to the plate with the only bat in 100 kilometres, smash out a homer, and crack the bat doing it.

But there's a remedy. Bats are easy to make if you have the wood and the machinery—an ordinary turning lathe. So if any enterprising French wood turner will write to "The Stars and Stripes," a contract will be placed in his hands that will keep him busy as long as there's an American army in France. No hand carving, no filigree, just plain, honest wagon tongue—those are the specifications.

## Must Have Bats

For we've got to have bats. And it would be easier to have them made here than to wait for another shipment to replace those lost with the Oronsa.

On the shores of some far island in the Atlantic, where a chance fishing boat or an Arctic exploration party drops in occasionally and puts the natives wise to the fact that the war is still going strong, a case of bats from the Oronsa may some day be washed up. And the natives, opening it in the hope of finding bonbons, blubber, razor strops or raisin seeders, will remark, "Gee, what primitive fighters those Americans must be!"

## Grandpa's Story

Gather, my children, come to my knee; What is this object which you can see Standing so close to Granddad's canteen? Aren't you surprised? It's only a bean!

Only a bean, but, my, what a lot, Trillions, I guess, what Uncle Sam got Cheap for his Army over in France, Patee and Alsace, Tours and in Nantes.

Beans for the Army, Navy beans, too, Beans in the potage, beans in the stew, Beans on the transport, beans on the shore,

None of us hoped to get any more.

All of the beans weren't such as you see Here as a relic (dished out to me Once in a chow line, far, far from here, Search in your "jogfry," look near "Anjeer").

Some of the beans were white, like the snow,

Many were brown and tasted like dough; Others were red, but none that I knew Ended the cheer of Red, White and Blue.

Then there were round beans, lima beans, too,

Beans from Brazil and beans from Peru, String beans in cans, baked beans in pans,

Beans on the docks and beans in big vans.

Only this bean have I found the bunch Sent to the trenches, sent as my lunch; That little bean was picked from my tin, Put in my gun and shot to Berlin.

Bill, the big Kaiser, slept in his bed. Bing! went the bean—and Willie was dead,

(Hit in the head), and no German bean Ever shall shatter a peace so serene. —FRANCIS X. COUGHLIN, M.A.A.B.

## A. E. F.'S BIRTHDAY COMES TO-MORROW: NOW A YEAR OLD

A year ago to-morrow (June 8) the vanguard of the A. E. F. landed at Liverpool.

On June 8, 1917, General Pershing and his staff set foot on English soil. Late in the afternoon of June 13 they were welcomed at the gates of Paris by such a moving, spontaneous, tumultuous greeting from the people of the city as they will remember all the days of their lives, such a welcome, probably, as they cannot know again till the war is done and the A. E. F. goes home.

Even as the crowds were cheering in the streets of Paris, the piers of the North River on the other side of the Atlantic were astir with the silent, hurrying preparations of the first contingent for departure, for it was the next day that the first convoy set sail for France.

On Tuesday of last week General Pershing was entitled to sew on his second service chevron.

It was on May 28, 1917, that the general and his staff, with as little fuss and feathers and as much secrecy as an excited and immensely curious country would permit, set sail from the harbor of New York. They were crossing the sea to prepare the way, the ports, the camps, the bases, the system for the hundreds of thousands of troops that were to follow them within a year. The anniversary of that sailing was celebrated by the Battle of Cantigny, for it was just a year to the day later that the A. E. F. made its first attack in force.

## DOC DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM

But One Convalescent Must Have Felt Worse for a Minute

This comes from a base hospital: Private X had undergone an operation. He was wheeled from the operating room into a ward and at the end of an indefinite period recovered from the anesthetic, held an inventory of himself and brightened.

"I feel better," he said. "And now I'm glad it's all over."

"Huh!" said the man in the cot on his right, "don't be too sure it's all over. They left a sponge in me and had to cut me open again to get it."

"Yes," said the man on his left, "and the doctor left his scissors in me and had to probe for them again."

Just then the doctor entered the ward.

"Anybody," he asked, "seen my hat?"

## "Once Upon a Time"



## HELPLESS VICTIMS OF THE HUN



IF YOU want to get rid of any spark of tolerance for German rulers and German ways that may be left to you; if you want to see what German-made war does to helpless, plodding, patient rustic folk; above all, if you want to see patience and fortitude in the face of homelessness and discomfort and despair, the place for you to be is at the Gare de l'Est, in Paris, watching the French refugees pour in from the invaded districts between Château Thierry and Rheims.

There is the place where you will get

"an eye-ful of war"—and also a double eye-ful of admiration for the way the French, even the children of France, stand up under all that war has done to them in the way of separation, and loss, and anguish of body and soul.

You see hatless women, with children clutching at their skirts, lugging in their arms the little remains of their household goods that they were able to snatch up in a hurry—kettles, pans, even pictures, objects that would seem grotesque were it not for the tragedy that lies in the eyes of their possessors.

You see little boys tugging manfully at bulky and unwieldy parcels containing you know not what—all that could be salvaged from the threatened home.

You see old men ambling, with rheumatic joints, painfully along, their sole belongings encased in a knotted tablecloth tied to a stick. And at one time there came to the Gare a poor woman carrying in her arms a full size goat—the goat which provided milk for her seven children, who followed after her.

For the assistance of these unfortunates, these dazed, innocent victims of

a war not of their choosing, there is established, just outside the train shed, a canteen—the Canteen of the Two Flags, as the Tricolor and Stars and Stripes painted on it go to show. It is a low, wooden building of considerable length, with a kitchen and food counter at one end and a clothing counter at the other.

All along up and down the centre are wooden tables and benches where, as fast as they come in, the refugees are fed, many of them for the first time in many hours.

In the canteen the representatives of

the French and the American Red Cross work, day and night, aided by volunteer workers from the Y. M. C. A., the Society of Friends, and other philanthropic organizations. From sun-up to sunset on each of the early days of the great rush of refugee traffic they fed, and clothed when there was need, an average of more than 3,000 people. It was no uncommon thing for the clothing department to be cleaned out of its store twice in the course of a day, so hastily had the refugees hustled out of their homes, so pitiable was the plight of the children.

## The Army's Poets

### AS WE KNOW THEM

#### THE PRIVATE

He kicks about meagre pay, he kicks about the grub;  
He swears by all that's holy that his corporal is a dub;  
To him each regulation is a source of much distress—  
But he's never sick on pay day, and he's never late for mess.

He cusses reveille and drill; he tries to skip retreat;  
He howls about the effort that it costs him to look neat;  
When work in any form looms up, he tries hard to renig—  
But he's strong for playing poker, and he's great on bunk fatigue.

He crabs about each feature of his military life;  
His idea of delight is to engage in verbal strife;  
He prides himself on knowing every pessimistic trick—  
And the height of his ambition is to register a kick.

But he really doesn't mean it, for it's just a clever ruse;  
And we know that chronic kickers have no time to get the blues;  
And if kickers make good fighters, then we're ready to begin  
To kick Fritz out of Flanders, all the way back to Berlin!

Pvt. GEORGE E. PARKER, Co. L, — Inf.

#### IN THE ENGINEERS

If it's work you would be doin'  
Such as ties in need o' hewin',  
Till yer back is jes' one ruin,  
Join th' Engineers.

Fell the trees an' get from under,  
Chute th' logs without a blunder,  
Work th' whole day jes' like thunder,  
In th' Engineers.

Work like hell a-diggin' ditches,  
Layin' track or settin' switches  
(An' per pay sure ain't no riches),  
In th' Engineers.

Even when th' rain is pourin'  
An' you hear the big guns roarin',  
Jes' go right on with yer chorin',  
In th' Engineers.

If you hear th' motor hummin'  
On a Boche 'plane that is comin',  
Don't stop work for fear o' bombin',  
In th' Engineers.

Night time comes an' things that's creepy  
In a tent that's sort o' seepy—  
Ain't no bother, you're so sleepy,  
In th' Engineers.

Sometimes, too, you may be driven,  
When th' best you've got you're givin',  
Still th' life is shore worth livin',  
In th' Engineers.

VANCE C. CRISS,—Engineers.

#### SONG OF A SEASICK SOLDIER

Oh, the poets may sing of the billowing  
sea,  
But give me the land for mine,  
With the feel and the smell of the good  
warm earth,  
Far away from the scent of the brine!

The beauty there is in the wind-beaten  
foam  
Is mocked by the sting of the spray,  
And can never compare with the flower-  
decked ridge  
That gleams in the light of the day.

This wide watered waste of boundless  
domain  
To some is majestic and grand,  
But the scenes that I love are the home-  
dotted plains,  
And the valleys and hills of the land.

To me there's no music in roaring sea  
storm,  
In the sweep of the winds o'er the lee,  
For the lilt of the song that's attuned to  
my soul  
Has the notes of the land, not the sea!

Cpl. ARTHUR G. GARNER,  
Co. A, Engineers.

#### OUR SERVICE FLAG

We wanted a place for our Service Flag,  
For the Service Flag of America,  
We looked in vain to find a place,  
In all the world there wasn't space.

So we borrowed the sky and hung it wide  
Over the world from side to side,  
And when the world is dark at night  
Our stars are shining clear and bright.

They tell the world as they glow and  
gleam,  
While other nations may pause to dream,  
That America sends from her treasure  
store  
Millions of men and will send more.

So many are going—that is why  
For our Service Flag we borrowed the  
sky—  
Placed it on high—it never shall drag,  
God made America's Service Flag.

#### MY GIRL OVER THERE

I remember you, dear friend,  
When homeward I did wend  
My way, with you, through overhanging  
trees;  
And I don't forget the talks  
We had on those homeward walks,  
Even though I am far off across the seas.

And on many of those nights,  
As we passed beneath the lights,  
I would glance at you, and I could plainly  
see—  
But I couldn't quite get started,  
Before at last we parted,  
To speak more plainly, dear, of you and me.

This much I'll tell to you—  
And, believe me, it is true—  
That life is not worth living out—unless  
You have some thing, or some one,  
To protect from sun to sun,  
And to fight for ere you gain your hap-  
piness.

That is what I'm doing now,  
And it makes me feel, somehow,  
As if all I love is menaced by the Hun;  
For it's just such girls as you  
Who will make us stick it through,  
And keep it up until the fight is won.

IRWIN SALM, — Tank Company.